Mar. 18, 1944

- CASEY, PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER -

The Self-Made Hero

by

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Script No.36

CUE: COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
(..... 30 seconds .....)

CASEY: (COLD) Face the camera, please...hold it!

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: Thanks. (FADING) You'll see it in the Morning Express.

ANNC'R: The adventures of CASEY— PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER!

MUSIC: UP...THEN UNDER AND BACK

ANNC'R: Columbia brings you another adventure of CASEY, PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER. Tonight, and every Saturday at this time, Columbia invites you to follow Casey on his exciting assignments and to meet the strangely assorted people who pass in swift-moving parade before the shutters of his camera. Tonight— (ORGAN EFFECT —"Casey and the Self-Made Hero."

MUSIC: OVERTURE TO DRAMA...SET & UNDER

ANNC'R: Casey, like the majority of enterprising newspaper men, has a radio in his automobile that is usually tuned to police calls. (*) It is so tuned tonight; and as he and reporter Ann Williams drive leisurely toward the Express Building/(FADING) after covering a routine assignment———

SOUND: FADE IN AUTOMOBILE MOTOR AT * ABOVE & HOLD UNDER. NOW: A POLICE RADIO SIGNAL, FOLLOWED BY:

MAN: (ON FILTER) Calling car 55...car 55...come in, car 55——

SOUND: TALK-BACK CUT IN...CUT-OFF AT *

BRANNON: (ON FILTER) Car 55...Sergeant Brannon. (*)

ANN: We know Sergeant Brannon, Casey.

CASEY: He's a good pal of mine, Ann...I didn't know they had him on prowl car duty—

MAN: (HAS TAKEN CUE FROM BRANNON TO DRONE UNDER THE TWO SUCCEEDING LINES:) Proceed to alleyway on 12th Street,between Clark and Driscoll...(TIME SO THAT FOLLOWING IS ALONE & DISTINCT)...report of shooting there. (*) (UNDER AGAIN:) No further deetails. Proceed to—

ANN: (CUE AT *) A shooting somewhere!— we were talking and—

CASEY: (QUICKLY & INTENT) It'll be repeated...listen—!

MAN: —alleyway on 12th Street,between Clark and Driscoll... report of shooting there...no further deetails...that is all. (*)

SOUND: RADIO SIGN-OFF SIGNAL UNDER:

ANN: (CUE AT *) We're only a few blocks from that address... and maybe a story!

CASEY: Also— maybe pictures.

SOUND: MOTOR ROARS IN ACCELERATION...FADES AT *

ANN: Next stop: 12th Street— !

CASEY: (*) (FADING:) —between Clark and Driscoll.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: MOTOR CAR...HOLD UNDER. AT * POLICE SIREN OFF & FADE ON

ANN: The usual crowd's collected,Casey. (*)

CASEY: And there comes the prowl car,Ann...we're getting here a jump,ahead of Brannon.

SOUND: CAR BRAKED TO QUICK HALT (ANTICIPATE)...MOTOR CUT & CAR DOORS THROWN OPEN...FADE ON CROWD MURMUR

CASEY: Get out and come on!

COP: (OF THE LOUD,OFFICIOUS,DUMB VARIETY...OFF,BLUSTERING) Get back,you people!— get back...this aint no circus!!

ANN: There's a patrolman—

CASEY: The young fellow beside him must have had something to do with the shooting!

ANN: He's just a tall,lanky boy—!

COP: (FADING ON) I said "Get back,everybody!!" (BELIGERANTLY) That means you and this lady,Mister!

CASEY: We're Press,Officer. (*)

COP: Press? Where's your card?

SOUND: AT * POLICE CAR HAS BEEN BRAKED TO QUICK HALT HALF OFF... NOW ITS DOORS ARE THROWN OPEN. SUBDUE CROWD MURMUR

CASEY: Here's your Sergeant— he knows us. Hello,Brannon.

BRANNON: (45,ALERT,CAPABLE...HALF OFF,FADING ON) Hi,Casey— hello, Miss Williams. What's the trouble,Johnson?

COP: This young feller here,Sergeant— he says someone took a couple pot shots at him back in that alleyway...I was walkin' my beat in the next block,heard the shootin' and come here arunnin' just as he come outa the alley yellin' for help.

JACK: (HE IS 20,WITH A JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL INTELLECT AND OUTLOOK. (IN THIS SCENE,HE IS VERY SELF-IMPORTANT AND CONDESCENDING; (WITHOUT,HOWEVER,BECOMING OBNOXIOUS. HE HAS TRANSPARENTLY (CAST HIMSELF IN AN HEROIC ROLE OF THE "COMIC" STRIP PAT- (TERN WHICH HE ENACTS SERIOUSLY,IF TRANSPARENTLY...UNDER- (NEATH,HE IS LIKABLY HUMAN— AND [illegible].

I didn't call for assistance,Officer,until I'd done everything possible to help myself.

BRANNON: Let's have your story,Bud...what happened?

JACK: First,Sergeant, I guess you'd better know who I am. I heard this gentleman you called Casey say he was of the Press...I'm sure he'd like me to identify myself.

CASEY: Me? Oh,sure.

JACK: The name is J.Wellington Clifside— only one f in Clifside ...at present employed as junior pharmacist at Black's 10th Street Drug Store. I see you carry a camera,Mr.Casey.

CASEY: Yeah.

JACK: Well— any time you say. I believe in cooperating with the newspapers.

BRANNON: Wait a minute! I'm only a cop...but I still want to know what this shooting was about!

JACK: Certainly, Sergeant. As I have already told this officer— uh —Johnson, during the past month I became suspicious of two foreigners who have been making telephone calls from the booths at Black's 10th Street Drug Store. I made it my business to overhear parts of their conversations...and what I heard, Sergeant, convinced me they are— spies.

BRANNON: Spies?

JACK: (IMPRESSIVELY) Enemy agents. They must have become suspicious of my suspicions for tonight they— acted.

BRANNON: Go On.

JACK: A few minutes ago, I was standing there at the corner— waiting for a young lady of my acquaintance —when these two men passed me.

BRANNON: The "foreigners".

JACK: Yes.

BRANNON: You'd notified the F.B.I. about em, of course.

JACK: No...I didn't want to do that until I was positive.

BRANNON: (DRYLY) I see.

JACK: I saw them go into the dark, deserted alley back of us...I followed em. Now I know they meant to lure me to my death... for when I entered the alley—

COP: He says they grabbed him, Sarge, and—

BRANNON: (IMPATIENTLY) Let him tell the story, Johnson!

JACK: They seized me, Sergeant...and one of em slashed at me with a knife. Look— you can see the tears he made in my overcoat.

BRANNON: There in the left sleeve, huh?

JACK: And here in the front.

BRANNON: The knife didn't get stuck into you yourself.

JACK: I fought too hard...I was too much for the both of em. I

(CONT'D)

JACK: (cont'd) broke away and they ran,with me after em...then they pulled guns and started shooting—

BRANNON: The bullets missed you.

JACK: I was lucky. I chased em to the end of the alley—

BRANNON: With them shootin'.

JACK: I considered it my dooty,Sergeant.

BRANNON: Then what happened?

JACK: Then I found they had disappeared...prob'ly into one of the buildings on this street. I knew I couldn't find em all by myself,so I yelled- uh -shouted for assistance. This policeman came up and— well,he can tell you the rest.

COP: There aint no "rest"Sarge— except I couldn't find no foreigners around like this young feller described. But I knew there'd been shootin'— I heard it,like everyone else in the neighborhood —so I sent in a quick report and waited for you.

BRANNON: Okay,Johnson. Did this guy show you where the shooting and stabbing took place in that alley?

JACK: Yes,I did,Sergeant...and I'll show you—

BRANNON: You stay here. Roberts—

2nd COP: Yes,sir.

BRANNON: You keep Mr— K.Wellington Rockside company while I have a look around. (FADING) Come on,Johnson,and show me—

JACK: (PROJECTS) It's J.Wellington Clifside,Sergeant!

BRANNON: (OFF) Thanks!

JACK: (SLIGHT PAUSE) Well,Mr.Casey— I suppose you wanta take some pictures of me for your paper.

CASEY: Yeah...I think you're worth a couple pictures,fella. Hold up that overcoat sleeve to show the tear in it while I back off and get you in focus.

ANN: (LOW) That's a terribly phmney story he told,Casey.

CASEY: (LOW) A hundred per cent bushwa...but phonies can make good laugh copy,Ann.

ANN: I'll write him up as an amateur Dick Tracy. But he's a nice,clean looking boy...how can he be such a nut?

JACK: (HALF OFF) I'll hold out the front of my overcoat,too, Mr.Casey...so you can get a picture of the knife cut there.

CASEY: (ALOUD) Okay,J.Wellington...hold it.

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: Thanks.

MYRNA: (SHE IS 18;FLIGHTY,ARTIFICIAL,SOUBRETTISHLY DRAMATIC...A (SINATRA SWOONER. OFF,BIG— STRUGGLING THROUGH THE CROWD

Wellington! Wellington!! Let me through!— Wellingon!!

JACK: Myrna—!!

ANN: (LOW) That girl,Casey—

CASEY: A bobby-socks kid—

ANN: She and Dick Tracy are going into a clinch.

CASEY: I'll get a shot of that,too.

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: Now,Ann,let's see—

MYRNA: (RAPID,BREATHLESS,EMOTIONALLY... /(~~EMOTIONAKLY~~...HALF OFF,FADING ON) Oh,Wellington— when I got to the corner to meet you,I saw all these people down here...then I saw <u>you</u> and a man told me how those awful foreigners had tried to kill you—! Oh,you're not hurt??

JACK: (AT MIKE) I got the best of em,Myrna...but you can see what they did to my coat.

MYRNA: (A SQUEAL OF HORROR) Wellington!! (PRACTICALLY) Isn't it lucky you had on your old one.

CASEY: Excuse me,Mr.— Cliffside...is this the young lady you were waiting for when—?

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JACK: Yes,Mr.Casey...this is Miss Myrna Adams. Mr.Casey is on a newspaper,Myrna— he's just been takin' pictures of me.

MYRNA: (A SQUEAL OF DELIGHT) Oh—!!

CASEY: How dod you do,Miss Adams.

MYRNA: (AN EXCITED RATTLE:) I knew about those spies Wellington was after,Mr.Casey— I was the only one he told about them! And I must admit I didn't believe hardly a thing he said at first. But now they've tried to do away with him,I know it's all true! Oh,Wellington,you've been wonderful!!— if they'd hurt you,I dont know what I'd do!

JACK: (SUPREMELY HAPPY) Aw,gee,Myrna—

ANN: Sergeant Brannon's coming back,Casey...with a woman—

JACK: (GRANDLY) Ah,Sergeant—! Did you find any clues in the alley that might help us catch theose spies?

BRANNON: (FADING ON...GRIMLY) Plenty,young fella. Is this the guy, Mrs.Levy?

MRS.L: (SO;JEWISH DIALECT...PLACIDLY) Dot's him,Sergeant...dot long string bean of a kid.

JACK: What—?

BRANNON: This lady lives in a flat building next to the alley...and she happened to be looking out her window when you were cutting holes in your coat with a pen-knife.

JACK: I— (DESPERATELY) All the windows were dark in the alley... the alley was dark—!

MRS.L: I got the kind eyes dot see good at night...and why should I burn electricity when I'm only lookink out mine window? I mind mine own business...I wouldn't told the cops if they hadn't come askin' me whak if I saw sometings.

BRANNON: And she saw you fire those"shots".

JACK: I- I didn't fire any shots!

BRANNON: No,but you set off some home-made fire-crackers that sounded like shots! Here's pieces of em I found back there...you say you're a chemist— you knew how to make em!

JACK: Sergeant, I—!!

MRS.L: I saw you light a match to them fire-crackers,young fella.

MYRNA: Fire-crackers—?

JACK: Myrna—!

MYRNA: (BUILDING TO TEARFUL RAGE) There weren't any spies...no one tried to kill you...this was all a bluff!

JACK: Myrna—!!

MYRNA: Oh,you— you cheater! You cheap rug-cutter!! You— fire-cracker shooter!!? ~~You SLACKER!!!!~~

JACK: You've got to listen to me—!!

MYRNA: (FADING) I never want to see you again!!!!

JACK: Dont go away,Myrna— dont!!!

BRANNON: You stay here,Mister!

JACK: (STRUGGLING,ANGUISHED) Lemme go...I gotta explain to her!! you gotta let me explain—!!!

BRANNON: She's gone...and you've got some explaining to do to the judge after I run you in!

JACK: I haven't committed any crime...you cant—!

BRANNON: (ANGRILY) You've disturbed the peace,you've imposed on officers of the law and— altogether,you've done enough to plant you in the jug for thirty days at least! And that girl called you a "slacker"— let me see your Selective Service card!

JACK: (PAUSE...LOW,BEATEN) Here.

BRANNON: (PAUSE...GRUDGINGLY) It looks regular. 4-F,eh?

JACK: (VERY LOW) Yeah.

BRANNON: Stick him in the car,Roberts...we'll take him to the Station

2nd COP: Okay, Sarge. (FADING) Come on, you.

JACK: ((HALF OFF, FADING) Alright.

CASEY: (LOW) Hey, Brannon—

BRANNON: What, Casey?

CASEY: Dont run the kid in.

BRANNON: (BELLIGERANTLY) And why not??

CASEY: Couldn't you see?— he was making a grand-stand play for that bobby-socked gal...and it flopped. He's already taken one on the chin...and hard.

BRANNON: (SHORTLY) We cops have too much trouble with his kind of phonies—

CASEY: I know, but— do me a favor. I'll do one for you sometime.

BRANNON: I dont make trades. (PAUSE...UNCOMFORTABLY) But I dont get any kick out of pinching goofy kids, either. (PAUSE) You can have A. Wellington Brookside if you take him away from from here, Casey...if you dont— well, this mob has heard what's happened and they'll kid him ragged.

CASEY: I'll take him away.

BRANNON: Okay...(FADING)...I'll tell him to get in your car.

ANN: What's the idea, Casey?

CASEY: I dont like to see a guy kayoed twice in one night, Ann. And, when you get to the office, dont write this story— for laughs or otherwise...I'm forgetting the pictures I took.

ANN: MMMMMM Okay.

BRANNON: (FADING ON) Casey's taking you home, fella...get in his bus.

JACK: (LOW, SPIRITLESS) Alright, Sergeant.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENED...CLOSED AT *

CASEY: (GENIALLY) I'm dropping Miss Williams off at the Express Building...then I'll take you wherever you want to go, Mr.— Say, what does the J of that J. Wellington Cliffside stand for?

JACK: John.

CASEY: Oh. Well,make yourself comfortable,Jack. (*) See you later,Brannon...and thanks.

BRANNON: Casey— you're welcome.

SOUND: MOTOR STARTS

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: STREET EFFECTS...HOLD IN BACK. CAR DOOR OPENED...CLOSE AT *

ANN: So long,Casey...goodbye,Mr.Clifside.

JACK: (SAME BEATEN ATTITUDE AS IN PRECEDING) Goodbye,Miss Williams

CASEY: See you in a little while,Ann. (*)

ANN: (HALF OFF) Okay.

CASEY: Now I'll run you out to your home,Jack.

SOUND: CAR STARTS THROUGH GEARS...HOLD MOTOR UNDER

JACK: I dont want you to bother,Mr.Casey—

CASEY: It's no bother. And forget that "Mister" stuff...plain Casey's all I rate. Cigarette?

JACK: Thanks. (PAUSE) I- I've been too ashamed to- to open my mouth while Miss Williams was with us...now I want you to know I- I think it was swell of you to talk the cops into letting me go.

CASEY: Sergeant Brannon was only looking for an excuse not to run you in...he's a regular guy.

JACK: I deserved to be run in. I- I musta been crazy to think I could get away with what I tried to.

CASEY: All of us are a little nutty at times. Here's some matches for that cigarette.

JACK: Oh. (DISTRAIT) Thanks.

CASEY: (PAUSE) You're 4-F in the Draft,huh?

JACK: Yeah...they wont take me.

CASEY: They wont take me,either.

JACK: A husky guy like you?

CASEY: I've got a trick knee...it hardly ever bothers me,but those Army doctors are awfully particular.

JACK: I've found that out.

CASEY: (SLIGHT PAUSE) Some people— especially some women -aren't very nice about us guys who aren't in uniform...they wont believe we just cant make the grade.

JACK: (WITH GREAT SINCERITY) I've tried every way to get in— honest I have,Casey...I'm not a- a "slacker",like Myrna said tonight. (MISERABLY) And she's said it before... she's told me she was ashamed to be seen with a guy in civilian clothes. I had to do something to make her believe I'm not just a— yellow bum. That's why I did— what I did awhile ago.

CASEY: What keeps you out of the Army,Jack?

JACK: I've got a bum back...I fell down a flight of stairs a couple years ago and now I've got to wear a kind of steel corset to keep it in place. The Docs say it'll be completely well in time...but that's not now.

CASEY: Haven't you told Miss Adams all that?

JACK: Yeah...but when I first told her,I- I lied about how it happened— I wanted to make out I was some kind of a hero, like she thinks all guys should be,so- so I said I got hurt playin' football. Then she found out I was never a good enough player to get on a football team...and that I just stumbled over my own feet goin' down stairs. Since then, she hasn't believed anything I've told her— except for maybe a minute tonight before the cops called my bluff. (SLIGHT VOICE BREAK) She thinks I am— just what I am... a big,skinny clown who cant do anything regular guys can do— outside of my own imagination.

CASEY: (PAUSE) Maybe if someone talked to— uh -Myrna, she might look at things a little differently...Miss Williams might do it.

JACK: Miss Williams is another girl...she couldn't do any good. (PAUSE;WITH SUDDEN HOPE) You might,though.

CASEY: (SHARPLY) Me?

JACK: Yeah...she respects old guys.

CASEY: Huh?

JACK: (HASTILY) I dont mean you're so very old,but— you must be all of thirty.

CASEY: (DRYLY) Yeah.

JACK: And you're in the newspaper racket...you know cops and murderers and—! Gee...I bet you've even talked to G-Men and movie stars!! (EXCITEDLY) Myrna will think you're almost

MARKXX as important a guy as Clark Gable— or even Frank Sinatra! She'll listen to you,Casey! Will you go to her and explain I'm not— not just a heel??

CASEY: Jack, I—

JACK: Please,Casey!

CASEY: (PAUSE) Okay,fella.

JACK: (HAPPILY) Aw,gee—!

CASEY: (MUTTERS TO HIMSELF) I wish I could learn to keep my big mouth shut.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

MYRNA: (ALOOFLY...AND IN IMITATION OF HER FAVORITE,HAMMY,MOVIE ACTRESS:) It's no use,Mr.Casey...I think it's very fine of you to try to defend Mr.Cliffside,but— I never want to hear his name again.

CASEY: Dont be like that,Miss Adams...he's a nice kid— and he's crazy about you.

MYRNA: He made me ridiculous,as well as himself,last night! NO,Mr.Casey...he and I are through— forever.

CASEY: (SLIGHT PAUSE) I'm sorry. Well— guess there's nothing more I can say,so I'll shove off.

MYRNA: (DROPPING THE DRAMATICS) Oh,dont rush away! You've talked so much about Mr.Cliffside,I haven't heard a thing about YOU!

CASEY: Me?

MYRNA: Uh huh. (GUSHES:) My girl friend has an uncle who works for a man whose brother knows you...and she says you're simply FAMOUS all over town! You've rescued people from burning buildings and captured burglars single-handed and— you're a REAL hero!

CASEY: (SHORTLY) Whoever told you that was having a pipe dream.

MYRNA: Oh,no!— you're just modest...like I think a man should be.

CASEY: I— Where did you put my hat and coat,Miss Adams?

MYRNA: Ma hung em up before she left us alone here...I'll get em in a few minutes if— if you really HAVE to go.

CASEY: I must.

MYRNA: Not right away. Please sit down,Mr.Casey...and let's get better acquainted. (A DEEP SIGH) Oh— I've always wanted to meet a man like you.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BAR ROOM EFFECTS...PIANO BEHIND

CASEY: (MOROSELY) Give me another drink,Ethelbert...and put a reserve beside it.

ETH: (FADING ON) Okay,Casey. You want another,Miss Williams?

ANN: No,thanks,Ethelbert...I haven't the troubles to drown that Casey has.

ETH: You got troubles,pal?

CASEY: Um.

ANN: (CHUCKLES) I'll say he has. They come in a neat blonde package,trimmed with short skirts,a pair of bobby-socks, a hero-worship complex and an unbashful personality.

CASEY: It isn't funny,Ann.

ETH: You're talkin' about a <u>woman</u>,huh.

CASEY: Not a woman...a goofy 17 year old kid who ought to be spanked. And I wish I had the nerve to do it.

ANN: She's developed a crush on Casey...phones him at the office several times a day and lies in wait for him on the street, so she can gaze at him— (IMITATING) —and sigh.

ETH: How did you get yourself inta anything like that?— you aint no cradle-snatcher!

CASEY: Ethelbert,all I did was call on her one afternoon last week in order to— well,to try and square something for somebody else.

ETH: She isn't the girl that Cliffside kid set off the fire-crackers on account of??

ANN: That's who. He doesn't know yet that Casey squared things so beautifully.

CASEY: Naturally,I haven't let him know that the gal/~~kid~~ he's crazy about is acting like a little moron! And I've put off telling him that she wont listen to anything I say in his favor because— well,he's miserable enough as it is and-- half hopes are better than none. <u>He</u> phones me a couple times a day,too,Ethelbert— to ask how I'm making out with her... and I cant stall him much longer. Oh,I must have been nuts to get myself mixed up in a puppy love affair like this!

ETH: (CHUCKLES) Casey,you're provin' what my sister,Edna,often says— quote: "Them as tries to square things for somebody else usually winds up goin' 'round in circles."

CASEY: (BITTERLY) Yeah...and walking on their heels.

ANN: (SOBERLY) I wish you could bring those kids together, Casey...they're an awfully silly couple,but they're awfully young— they'll be nice people when they grow up and get some sense. There must be some way—

CASEY: (SARCASTICALLY) There's a couple of sure ways to bring em together:— if I could make J.Wellington a glamor boy in the movies,for instance...or fix it so he could lick Joe Louis-- or get him appointed an Admiral in the Navy. Myrna would be good and strong for him then! Only I dont know just how to do any of those things.

WAITER: (FADING)ON) Telephone for you,Mr.Casey.

CASEY: Who is it?

WAITER: A Mr.Clifside,sir.

CASEY: (SIGHS) I thought I was about due for my nightly call from him...he's probably been trying to get me at the office.

ANN: Since you cant help him,you'd better stop stalling and tell him the truth,Casey.

CASEY: I— I cant,Ann. Excuse me.

ETH: (FADING) Miss Williams,Casey sure has a talent for gettin' himself inta situations that aint too easy to get out of.

SOUND: TELEPHONE BOOTH DOOR CLOSED

CASEY: (AT PHONE: Hello.

JACK: (ON FILTER...HE IS GREATLY AGITATED) Casey?

CASEY: Yes,Jack. How are y',fella?

JACK: Casey— I've just learned...the truth.

CASEY: Huh?

JACK: About you and Myrna.

CASEY: (TENSE) What do you mean?

JACK: I met her on the street awhile ago...I'd been waitin' outside her house— I couldn't live any longer without seein'

(CONT'D)

JACK: (cont'd) her and I'd begun to wonder if you weren't just stallin' me, sayin' you still thought you could fix things up.

CASEY: Jack—!

JACK: She told me nothin' could ever be fixed up between her and me and- and that she was in love with you.

CASEY: Now, listen, kid—!

JACK: (BITTERLY) It's a swell stunt you pulled— kiddin' me inta thinkin' you were my friend and then double-crossing me!

CASEY: Listen to me—!!

JACK: I've listened to you long enough!! I've called up now to let you know that what you've done is the last straw...when I leave this phone I'm goin' to the river!

CASEY: The river??

JACK: I dont want to live any longer...I'm goin' to end it all!

CASEY: You young chump—!! Where are you??

JACK: Never mind where I am!

CASEY: Jack, I've got to meet you— to talk to you!

JACK: You, or no one else is ever going to talk to me again! It'll be no use you tryin' to trace me through this call— I'm in a public booth; a place where no one knows me; and I'll be gone from here in a second. I wont be in your way after tonight, Casey...you can have Myrna.

CASEY: I dont want Myrna!! Jack—!

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: PHONE DISCONNECTION THROUGH FILTER

CASEY: (DESPERATELY) Jack—! Kid—!!

SOUND: RATTLE OF TELEPHONE HOOK

CASEY: Operator! Operator!! Operator—!!!

WOMAN: (ON FILTER) This is the operator.

CASEY: What was the number that just called here??

WOMAN: (CALMLY ROUTINE) You've been disconnected, sir...I'll have to trace it.

CASEY: That'll take too long...and, anyway, he said— Never mind!

SOUND: RECIVER SLAMMED ON HOOK...BOOTH DOOR THROWN OPEN

CASEY: Ann—!!

ANN: (OFF, FADING ON) Yes, Casey?

CASEY: That darn fool kid says he's going to throw himself in the river!

ANN: What??

CASEY: And the way he sounded, I dont think he's bluffing...we've got to stop him!

ANN: You know where he is??

CASEY: No...but there's only one place on the river front that his kind of romantic idiot would pick for a suicide— ~~xii thexhaxfxarxexkxdxlexaxxxjxuxpxfrom~~ the cliff at Rocky Point!

ANN: The place they call "Lover's Leap"!

CASEY: Yes!

ANN: That's way out—!

CASEY: I know how far it is! But he wasn't calling from around there because there isn't a public telephone within a mile of the place, at least...and he'll have to reach it by bus and footwork while we have a car! I may need you to convince him I'm not trying to steal his Myrna— come on!!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: A SPEEDING AUTOMOBILE...HOLD UNDER

ANN: Casey, if that crazy kid has picked another spot on the river to throw himself in—

CASEY: (TENSE, GREATLY WORRIED) I'm not afraid of that, Ann— he's spoken of the Lover's Leap a couple times when he was feeling especially low— only I didn't take him seriously then. What frightens me is— we may not get there in time!

ANN: We're within a few minutes of it now—

CASEY: If he does a jump, Ann, I'll be responsible.

ANN: Dont talk like that!— you've done nothing but try to help the boy—

CASEY: But I made such a mess of it.

ANN: (ANGRILY) It was that little fool of a girl who did that! I'd like to have my hands in her hair right now!

CASEY: There's no use blaming her.

SOUND: SLOW MOTOR...RUN OFF ROAD INTO CRACKLING UNDERBRUSH AT * ...CUT MOTOR AT **

CASEY: This is as far as we'd better go with the car...I'll run it off the road among these trees and turn off the lights. (*) If he saw it, he'd suspect I was after him and maybe get away...(MISERABLY)...that is, if he hasn't gotten here ahead of us and—

ANN: Stop thinking that! We made an awfully fast trip here, Casey, and— (**)

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENED...THEY START TO MOVE THROUGH UNDERBRUSH AT *—— HOLD UNDER UNTIL **

CASEY: Get out of the car and come on. We'll go out to the cliff through these trees...(*)...the moon's pretty bright— we'd be seen on the road.

ANN: This is a horribly desolate place—

CASEY: Yeah. Ann, we can see the edge of the cliff from here— there's no one on it.

ANN: That means he hasn't got here yet.

CASEY: It may mean that he <u>has</u> and—

ANN: <u>Will</u> you stop imagining the worst??! (SLIGHT PAUSE) Casey— someone's coming through the trees on the other side of the road— down there.

CASEY: (TENSE) I see.

ANN: It's someone tall and lanky—

CASEY: It's the kid!— going toward the edge.

ANN: Call out to him—

CASEY: That wouldn't stop him...(FADING *) I've got to run— beat him there-- tackle him—

SOUND: BOTH RUN THROUGH BRUSH

ANN: He sees you! He's running,too— for the edge!!

CASEY: (OFF) Wait,kid— WAIT!! I've got to talk to you!!

JACK: (FAR OFF) No one's ever going to talk to me again!

CASEY: Jack,you've got to let me—!!

ANN: RUN,Casey...he's almost at the EDGE!!

CASEY: Stop,Kid!!!

ANN: You cant reach him in time— (A CRY OF SATISFACTION) OH— he's stumbled— fallen!! Grab him before he gets up!! (**)

CASEY: I've got him!!

JACK: (STRUGGLING...FADING ON) Let me go!!

ANN: Oh— if he hadn't stumbled— He was only a few feet away from—!

JACK: Let me go!!

CASEY: (FADING ON...WITH THE ANGER OF RELIEF) Young fella,for the scare you've given us,I ought to knock your teeth out!

JACK: (ALMOST IN TEARS) Why did you stop me? What do you care what happens to me??

ANN: (FURIOUS) He ^ couldn't care! You should be ashamed of yourself for the way you've treated Casey!! Cant you realize that his only interest in that Myrna of your's was to try and help you?? She's just a silly brat to him! And let <u>this</u> sink in,young man:— if <u>I</u> wasn't a hundred per cent sure that he couldn't have any romantic notions about a child like your Myrna,<u>I</u> wouldn't be here with him!

JACK: (PAUSE) You— you mean that— you're Casey's real girl friend, Miss Williams?

ANN: (SOMEWHAT EMBARRASSED) I— Well, use your own judgement... if you have any.

JACK: (QUIETLY, CONTRITELY) I should have figured that. I- I'm sorry, Casey.

CASEY: Okay, kid. We're taking you back to town...we'll cut through these woods to the car.

SOUND: SLIGHT RUSTLE OF UNDERBRUSH AGAIN...

JACK: Alright. (MISERABLY) I cant stop you from taking me back... but I still dont wanta live, Casey. While I was wrong about you, I wasn't wrong about having lost Myrna...she told me herself tonight that- that she hated me.

ANN: (EXASPERATED) Jack, there's millions of girls in this world!— MUST you have just one particular one??

JACK: (SOFTLY, SINCERELY) I dont want anybody else...ever.

CASEY: (DRYLY) Brother, you're a true monogamist.

SOUND: MOTOR CAR OFF...FADE ON & BRAKE TO HALT AT * 1/2 OFF

CASEY: Say— a car's turned into the road...I wonder if the driver knows it dead ends at the edge of that cliff— (*) I guess he's seen where he was heading— he's stopped.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENED, HALF OFF...CUT UNDERBRUSH EFFECT

ANN: (LOW, TENSE) Casey— that man getting out—

CASEY: (LOW, PUZZLED) He's holding his hands above his head—

JACK: (LOW, FRIGHTENED) The guy getting out behind him has a gun!

CASEY: Ann— that guy with the gun is Blackie Owen!

ANN: The racketeer?

CASEY: Yeas.

MAN: (IN TERROR...HALF OFF, BACKING AWAY) Dont, Blackie...gimme a chance— DONT!! (A SHARP CRY AS:

SOUND: A SINGLE HEAVY PISTOL SHOT...BODY FALLS ON ROAD OFF

ANN: He's shot him!

JACK: Casey—??

CASEY: Be quiet— both of you...and keep back of these trees,out of sight. Blackie Owens is a dead shot and none of us has a gun...if he knew we'd seen what we have,our lives wouldn't be worth a nickel.

ANN: He's getting back in the car—

SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSED,OFF...CAR STARTS & FADES OFF UNDER:

JACK: He's turning it around...driving away—

CASEY: Dont move from here 'til he turns off this beach road. (EXCITEDLY) Ann,Blackie Owens is one of the dirtiest gang leaders in this town,but the cops have never been able to nail him...what we've just seen will send him to the chair and give us a front page exclusive! Jack,I could kiss you for trying to commit suicide tonight...we wouldn't have been here if it hadn't been for you!

JACK: (HORRIFIED) Casey,how can you think of- of front pages when you've just seen a guy murdered??

CASEY: You get used to little things like murder in the newspaper racket. Blackie's car has turned off now...come on,we'll have a look at the victim.

SOUND: MOVEMENT THROUGH UNDERBRUSH AGAIN...CUT AT *

ANN: Did you recognize him,Casey— the victim,I mean?

CASEY: Yeah...and it gave me a good reason,Jack,not to be too unhappy about this shooting— the guy who just had his last ride was Twist Yako.

ANN: He was Blackie Owens chief gunman.

CASEY: That's right,Ann. (*) Here he is. Hmm...Blackie gave it to him right bewteen the eyes.

JACK: He- he's dead.

CASEY: As a last year's daisy.

JACK: I- I've never seen a dead guy before...it's awful.

CASEY: Remember that the next time you think of bumping yourself off,kid.

ANN: Why do you suppose he shot Yako?

CASEY: There's been a rumor going 'round that Yako was double-crossing Blackie...and Blackie's the sort who likes to pay off that kind of thing himself instead of leaving it to his gorillas— the guy enjoys killing. He probably got Yako in that car on some pretext tonight,acted friendly and sociable until they got out to this usually deserted spot,then pulled a gat on him,forced him out of the car— and we saw the rest. Come on to my car...I want to get a camera and shoot some pictures of this.

BLACKIE: (ABOUT XX 35;SMOOTH,SOFT-SPOKEN,DEADLY...HALF OFF) There'll be no pictures.

ANN: What—??

JACK: Casey—???

CASEY: (QUIETLY) Hello,Blackie.

BLACKIE: (FADING ON) Stick up your hands— all of you.

CASEY: Okay.

BLACKIE: (CHUCKLES) I've been listening to your theory of why and how I brought Twist Yako out here— from behind those trees, Casey. You're a good guesser.

CASEY: (DRYLY) We really didn't expect you back here,Blackie.

BLACKIE: I wouldn't have come back if I hadn't noticed a car parked off the road after I turned the bend...I didn't see it on my way here with Yako because we came from another direction. That car gave me the idea that there might have been witnesses to what occurred here a few minutes ago and— I dont want witnesses.

JACK: He's gonna kill us,Casey.

CASEY: Take it easy,Jack.

BLACKIE: The young man- unfortunately for all of you -is right. You see,I prepared a very good alibi for this evening that your testimony would— damage beyond repair. Where would you like to be shot?— between the eyes,like Yake; through the heart or in the stomach? (CHUCKLES) I pride myself that I never miss the spot I aim for.

CASEY: (QUIETLY) If it's all the same to you,Blackie,I'd prefer— (BIG)—not to be shot at all!!!

BLACKIE: (A CRY...STRUGGLES)

CASEY: (SHORT STRUGGLE,THEN) You should have known better than to stand so close to a guy you meant to plug!

JACK: You've got his gun,Casey...you've got his gun!!!

ANN: (A SIGH OF RELIEF) Oh,Casey—!

CASEY: No,Blackie,we'll go to my car,get a camera and take some nice pictures of you.

BLACKIE: You—!

CASEY: Be good now! Stick your hands in the air and get going.

BLACKIE: Okay...but—

CASEY: What are you stooping for???

BLACKIE: (EASILY) Cant you see?— a pair of gloves...the lady dropped em when she stuck up her hands a minute ago. No use leaving em ~~xxxxxxx~~on the road...here,Miss.

ANN: They are my glowes— (A CRY OF ALARM) Casey—!!!

JACK: He's grabbed her!!

CASEY: Let her go—!!

BLACKIE: (QUICK,SAVAGE) Drop that gun you took from me,Casey!— if you try to shoot it,you'll have to shoot through this dame's body!

JACK: He's holding her in front of him!

ANN: ~~And~~ I cant break away—!

BLACKIE: Also, I have another gun— pressed against her back! You should know better than to neglect to search a guy, Casey.

CASEY: Has he another gun, Ann?

ANN: Yes...I can feel the muzzle against my spine.

BLACKIE: I'm not bluffing...I always carry two gats and you gave me a chance to get the second one, sap. Drop the rod in your hand or I shoot the one in mine.

ANN: He means to kill us all anyway, Casey...let him shoot me and then you get him. You can save your life— and Jack's.

CASEY: Afraid I cant do it that way, Ann.

ANN: Jack— tell him he must!

JACK: (SLOWLY) No, Miss Williams...I dont want it that way, either.

CASEY: You win, Blackie.

SOUND: PISTOL FALLS TO ROAD.

BLACKIE: I thought I would. Get over there with your friends, Lady!— I want to see you in line like clay pipes in a shooting gallery. You're going to be my first target, kid, because you dont mean anything.

JACK: Me?

BLACKIE: Yes...and you get it in the belly.

SOUND: A HEAVY SHOT...BODY FALLS

CASEY: Jack—!

ANN: He's killed him!

BLACKIE: (CHUCKLES) One clay pipe busted. I'm going to take a little longer with you two...and have some fun. I'll save you 'til last, Casey. Lady, where would you like your bullet?

CASEY: Ann, there's nothing I can do—

ANN: (SOFTLY) I know, Casey.

BLACKIE: I'll let you have it between the eyes. And I'll take extra

(CONT:D)

BLACKIE: (cont'd) careful aim...I want this shot to be precise— exact— directly center. And I'll squeeze the trigger slowly... very slow—— (A CRY AS:)

SOUND: TWO HEAVY SHOTS

ANN: Casey—???

CASEY: Those shots— Blackie's fallen??!!

JACK: I shot him,Casey...I got him,Miss Williams!!

CASEY:& ANN: Jack—!?

JACK: (QUICK,EXCITED) The bullet he shot at me didn't hurt— outside of just a sting! I figure it hit the steel of the corset I wear for my back— and glanced off! But I fell like I was dead— close to the gun he made you drop,Casey... and,when all his attention was on you and Miss Williams, I—! Gee,I've never shot anyone before.

CASEY: I'm glad you shot someone this time,kid! And you wont have to worry about Myrna any more...she'll be sitting on your doorstep tomorrow after Miss Williams and I plaster your name and pictures all over the Morning Express!

JACK: Say— I'm a hero! A REAL hero.

ANN: Yes,Jack...(A DEEP SIGH)...and are we GLAD!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BAR ROOM EFFECTS...PIANO BEHIND

ETH: Say,Casey— didn't you and Miss Williams kinda overdo that stuff about J.Wellington Cliffside in this mornin's paper? No guy has ever been THAT much of a Natur'es Nobleman.

CASEY: You'd have thought he was if you'd been there,Ethelbert.

ANN: And standing in our exact spot.

ETH: Well— maybe you're right. How did it go down with his girl friend ## who wanted to be Casey's girl friend?

CASEY: (HAPPILY) Swell. She was barely civil to me when I saw her today with Jack...and they're now formally engaged.

ETH: You're just a pair of old shoes now, as far as she's concerned, huh?

ANN: Old shoes with holes in the soles, worn-out heels and open work toes.

ETH: You've sure had a tryin' experience with the younger generation, Casey...I hope you wont let it embitter your outlook on the future.

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) Ethelbert, as your sister Edna might say— quote: "The only trying thing about the younger generation is that it does the same darn fool things the older generation used to do— and wants to forget."

ANN: Unquote.

CASEY: And now about a drink?

ETH: (FADING) Comin' up, Casey...comin' up.

MUSIC: UP FOR FINISH

— THE END —

by:

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